

But on the beach I count coins, your  
 mercantile eyes charging us with the  
 freedom of economic bodies. As we invest hands,  
 we grow no trees, and sand mushrooms  
 beneath our feet. Islanded under the  
 gulling Atlantic sky, forests are  
 forgotten, and I find, in fine,  
 your cloven feet.

## URSULA

*Derk Wynand*

a warrior advances fire beneath his copper breastplate  
 a blue shadow beneath his helmet of steel at his wrist  
 the asian bull's tanned hide mixed gold of the europeans  
 at his ankle hard on her soft flesh shrinking away away  
 from indian spices inside his armour the stink of merchant  
 blood the stink of distant concubines that lingers still  
 on his skin like so many tongues twisted for coins she  
 smells the alien blood he walks on it's bitter it makes  
 her limbs grow rigid she knots herself against him no  
 loose end showing crosses finger on finger cups hand to  
 breast knots her thighs against him against his orders  
 against his scented words against his childhood tales  
 how hard it was he falls to his knees for a prophet has  
 whispered into ears for thunder has spoken for the bird  
 has been cut precisely for it is said he must undo these  
 fibers tensed against him no loose end showing with the  
 oil of word or blade he must have this woman for no one  
 shall keep him from winning ursula asia and the world